

# LET IN THE LIGHT

THE autumn leaves are falling. In the gardens, in the highways, in the fields and woodlands the leaves are piling up in glistening yellow heaps. The trees are beginning to look like winter. Bare? Cold? Yes. But the trees now let in the light of the sun.

That is what is happening now in the country. Nature is thinning out her vast cloak. The leaves are falling and as they fall the clear, colder light of the autumn sun is filtering through.

Now is the time for billhook and clippers in the undergrowth clearing away the quick-growing brambles and the prolific weeds of summer days. This is the time for light and air in the corners which have been overwhelmed by the rich growth of summer. Let in the light!

THAT, too, sums up all we are now attempting in the world of men. We are trying to let the light in. Twenty years and more of dark and dismal undergrowth chokes the life of the world. The entangling brambles of intrigue and hatred have stretched everywhere. Men have slept while the busy schemers of darkness saw that their evil plants flourished at the expense of those things by which men live. In the dark corners of Europe and the Far East men plotted to choke the living plants which have brought pleasure and simple joys to men in every land. The light was blacked out.

## The Task of Our Crusaders

The light is now filtering through once more. After four years of tragedy and suffering men are beginning to feel the stimulus of light and sunshine. The pestilential growths of Nazism and Fascism are being mown down. From the wide bounds of Russia they are being cleared away. Across the vast spaces of the Pacific the islands are being cleared and up the long peninsula of Italy the thick undergrowth is yielding to the hard toil of brave men who are giving their lives to clear the noxious weeds. In countless homes of darkened Europe mothers and fathers turn their faces anxiously toward the glimmer of light which they hope will soon burst into a great ball of sunshine as the jungle surrounding their lives is cleared. We are now on a crusade of light. It is the Kingdom of Light beating down its ancient enemy the Kingdom of Darkness. Our crusaders stand facing a gigantic task because the growth of the jungle of darkness is powerful and enveloping. The brambles and thistles of suspicion, spying, and false dealing are strongly rooted and have grown a defensive armour which can withstand many attacks.

## New Hope For the Darkest Places

All this—jungle must go. We must let the light in over the world once more. The sunshine must gladden the faces of men everywhere and in the open fields and cities men must feel the glow of heaven upon their souls. No more shall they creep in the darkness of fear and want, or cower under the hatred of the dark oppressor. The light must again stream through the homes of Europe and gladden the simple peasant in his field and the scholar among his books. The light must again penetrate into the haunts of hatred and greed and by its rays of healing give the darkest places new hope of health and life.

But what in reality is this light? It can be nothing less than the light of the world which came into the life of man in Christ. He is the Light and the world needs Him. Mankind often turns to other lights for guidance and for a gleam to light the dark places. But whenever the darkness deepens and men stumble almost without hope, then they begin again to look for the Light which shines so perfectly in Christ.

THAT hour is again with us. Like the prodigal in the far country, men are turning homewards and they look for the gleam which flickers in the great house of man's family. The light which shines steadily, although men frequently ignore it, is still shining in Christ.

## The Greatest of All the Lights

We need His light in Britain. Great hosts of our own people are ignorant of its story, its achievement, and its shining power today. It is so often thought of as an old story, tender and heart-warming, but so far away from us—a light of other days when it was easier to believe in and follow. So some men think, and go out into the night groping for new ways and new candles to guide their feet.

Britain's greatness lies in the power and radiance which shines from this light. She, too, has often sought other lights, but at this moment in our history we turn again to the greatest of all the Lights which God has given.

"I am the Light of the world," Jesus said. It is still to Him that the eyes of weary men turn for refreshment and rest. Light there gives out warmth and purpose, power and the will to obedience and sacrifice as nowhere else. Light there shines on even when darkness seems to have complete victory.

THIS light can never be put out. Across the darkest mists of history it shines undimmed. It has given everlasting hope to men from age to age, and lightens the present day with all the wonders of an Eternal purpose.

## A Great Enterprise For Youth

This then is a day of light, and there is no grander task in all human endeavour than to see that it is shared by all men everywhere. Soon the choked highways across the world will be open again. Who is to walk those roads? Who will go forth and spread the light? This is a great enterprise for youth. It will need young men and women to hold high the lamp of truth, the light of God's word, and the vision of a world marching in friendship and order to the realms of eternal light.

Let in the Light! It is a simple but profound challenge. Let in the Light, not because men need it, but because God wills it. Let in the Light, because from the first breath of creation there has been laid up in the heart of God this hope that some day all the family under heaven would live by this Light.

WE have reached one of those dividing moments of human history when we must take one road or the other. One points to the Light, the other to deeper and greater gloom. Along the road of Light we see one who by His life and death brought light to shine in the world and He beckons men onward to step out into the Light.

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## Youth Calling

More than 100,000 members of the Army Cadet Force have enjoyed camp life in the summer just gone. Here the bugler is sounding Reveille at a Surrey camp

## WE DO NOT STRIKE

IN these days when not an hour must be lost by the workers in the Allied countries, it is heartening to read of a great city where there have been no strikes, a city whose contribution to the war effort of the United Nations has been and is magnificent.

It is the proud record of the industrial city of Portland, Oregon, not to have lost even one hour as a result of labour disputes.

Portland, on the banks of the River Willamette, is the second largest port on America's Pacific seaboard, second only to San

Francisco. During the war its population has swollen by fifty per cent from 300,000 to 450,000, largely due to the Kaiser shipyards which have been developed there. Since January 1941 the Portland shipyards have launched 400 ships, of which 200 were 10,500-ton Liberty ships.

Portland has set a splendid example for the United Nations. Few cities can equal her war record—and the patriotism of her workers deserves the motto: "We do not strike."

Thank you, Portland!

## Blowing Up a Mountain

MANY wireless listeners must remember the old crystal sets to which we used to listen with earphones. They may be interested to hear that quartz crystals are still valuable.

Quartz is common enough, but the clear white quartz crystal, now much in demand for many war purposes, is not. It is so much wanted that in Arkansas

mining engineers blew off the tops of two mountains that contained the right kind of quartz, the big transparent six-sided crystals which used to be sold to tourists as souvenirs.

Now they are cut up with special machinery so as to supply the right electronic grade of crystal for radiophonic and other purposes.



## Goodwill and the Coal Problem

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL has once again proved that his leadership is as outstanding in matters affecting our very hearths and homes as it is in affairs of international magnitude.

In a recent brilliant and very human speech of less than an hour he has placed in its right perspective a problem which had begun to revive old industrial conflicts and embitter human relationships—the problem of coal mining.

In the C.N. last week we stated the views of the workers in this industry, but of course the views of many other people have to be weighed by a Government—especially during a national and international crisis like this war—the mine owners and the consumers, from the housewife to the Government itself.

In the Parliamentary debate on the subject Major Lloyd George proposed as immediate remedies: men to be conscripted for the mines; the Army to be combed out to recall miners; a greater production of outcrop coal; consultations with our Allies as to contributions they might make; the future payments of bonuses on a pit basis; the enforcement of economy in

consumption; and a change in the form of the present dual control by Government and mine owner.

Mr Churchill, while refusing the mine workers' demand for immediate nationalisation, on the grounds that the whole country ought to be consulted, which meant an election, gave a pledge that his Government would continue the wartime system of control after the war until Parliament decided on the future structure of the industry. The Prime Minister stressed the need of our fully-extended Forces for every trained man in the exhausting fighting to come so that none but the older miners could be released from the Forces.

He assured the representatives of the mine workers that their Federation would be consulted on all coal-mining problems, and so evident was his democratic attitude that both they and all other members were satisfied.

## St Giles's 700th Birthday

The celebration of the 700th anniversary of the consecration of St Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh this month recalls perhaps the longest history of any church in Scotland.

Today this magnificent pile stands after pillage, riot, and ruin, the scene of one of the most famous controversies in British history, when Jennie Geddes threw the stool at the preacher.

St Giles was a seventh-century hermit in France, the reputation of whose piety and devotion to cripples was spread by his disciples to Britain. The earliest records show that a church stood on the site of the cathedral soon after the death of St Giles.

In the Wars of Independence St Giles was sacked and its wooden roof burnt; at the Reformation it was a favourite target of zealots who fought over it. Restored last century, St Giles is a striking building in the old High Street of Edinburgh as it winds up to the Castle.

## The Bishops and Home Life

IN an important debate in Canterbury Convocation the Bishops agreed that all our hopes of a better Britain depend upon the restoration of family life which has been so seriously impaired through the war.

Dr Temple declared it was impossible to exaggerate the extent to which home life had been broken up owing to the war. Difficult as it may be to restore blitzed houses, he said, that is a mechanical operation not to be compared with the bringing together of the units of a family divided by service in the armed forces, by the scattering of men, women, and children in munition factories, and especially in the destruction of the home life of children.

A very large number of families have been broken by the closing down of shops and small busi-

nesses ruined by the war, and by the loss of wage-earners in employments which will never be regained.

The Bishop of Derby referred to the latch-key child—the child who with a latch-key tied round its neck is set adrift in the streets until its mother returns from the war factory.

The Bishop of Worcester said "There are large numbers of people getting married to-day with no hope of a home; they separate, the girl maybe to the A.T.S. and the man to his regiment."

The Convocation passed a resolution that our hopes of a better England are bound up with and dependent upon a great increase in the number of Christian homes, adding that the houses needed for revived home life should be adequately provided.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

ITALY has declared war on Germany, as a co-belligerent and not an ally of the United Nations.

American Labour organisations have given £17,500 for the provision of rest hostels for British Land Army girls.

Mr W. H. Collins, of Wexham Park, Buckinghamshire, has given £100,000 to the Royal College of Surgeons for pathological research.

In a surprise raid on Rabaul, the important Japanese base in New Britain, Allied bombers destroyed 43 large ocean-going cargo-ships, besides numerous harbour craft and many planes.

Subscriptions to National Savings by Ford employees have now reached one million pounds, 95 per cent of the workers being members of Ford Savings Groups.

Sir James Grigg said in Parliament recently that British and American experts have been sent to Italy to ensure the protection of monuments of archaeological interest.

For her bravery in saving two lambs by rushing between the legs of an infuriated bull Miss Doris Adams, a Tottenham Land Army girl, was presented with a medal by Our Dumb Friends' League commemorating the fact.

Rochester Museum has been presented with a grand piano on which Charles Dickens used to play.

Unheeding repeated warnings not to touch unusual-looking objects, three Dover boys have been seriously injured by a bakelite grenade which they found.

On three occasions a German radio announcer declared that the destroyer Quantock had been sunk, but she is still in service and has just completed 100,000 miles of steaming in all parts of the world.

## Youth News Reel

THE Boys' Brigade was honoured with a special Diamond Jubilee Parade at Windsor when the King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, inspected a detachment of 300 members from the London area.

At one of several church parades held in the Cook Islands, in the South Pacific, to celebrate the Boys' Brigade Diamond Jubilee 250 Maori boys sang B.B. hymns to the music of their band, whose instruments were a gift some years ago from an English battalion.

Guides of the St Anne's de Belle Vue Company in Quebec have made clothing and toys for bombed children in Grimsby. Two sisters evacuated from Grimsby are members of the Company.

A Guide of the 1st Harmsworth Company has raised £34 for the Red Cross by making shell necklaces.

Dashing out of his place in a bus queue Patrol Leader George Sandell of St Paul's Troop, Upper Holloway, London, was able to stop a runaway horse and milk float, thus averting a serious accident; the Chief Scout has awarded him the Gilt Cross for Gallantry.

Scouts of the 44th Oxford (Temple Cowley Senior School) Troop have developed a large school orchard by their own graftings; bees, hens, ducks, and rabbits are also kept by the Troop.

## Fighting the Indian Famine

THE first grain ships have arrived at an Indian port, and the British Government is doing everything possible to relieve the famine which has affected a part of our great Dependency.

The Secretary of State for India, Mr L. S. Amery, has declared that every effort is being made to make shipping available, but he confesses that to decide how much, without injury to the all-important task of defeating the enemy and bringing the war to an early conclusion, is a very difficult problem.

Defending British rule in India, Mr Amery pointed out that the Government had created vast irrigation works to ensure regular harvests, while the construction of nearly 50,000 miles of railways helped to meet local famine conditions by rushing in food from districts where there was a surplus. The very success of these and other measures led to a vast increase in population. In the ten years 1931-41, as already recorded in the C.N., the population increased by 50,000,000, more than the entire population of the British Isles. Every month

raises the number of Indian mouths to be fed by 400,000.

The Japanese invasion of Burma, by cutting off the customary rice imports from that country, has added to the trouble, while the loss of Singapore and the Pacific war make it hard for Australia to send corn to India.

It is in Bengal Province, with its population of over 60,000,000, that a really critical state of affairs has arisen. The Bengal Ministry have established 4000 free kitchens and about 1,300,000 persons are receiving free food. Soon Calcutta, whither hosts of destitute families have migrated, is to have a rationing scheme.

Mr Amery reminds us that every department of the British Commonwealth has a moral responsibility to every other. It is a responsibility which we must not and shall not fail to meet.

## A CHRISTIAN RUSSIA

THE Archbishop of York, Dr C. F. Garbett, broadcast last week some of the impressions he brought back from Russia.

Among them were a service in a cathedral attended by 10,000 devout worshippers, a visit to a communal farm, and a walk in the ruins of a town destroyed by the Nazis. From this eloquent broadcast and his address to the Convocation of York we may summarise these four points:

1. The Church of Russia is free from the State in the election of its patriarch, its

archbishop, and its bishops, and is in control of its own internal and domestic affairs.

2. There is complete freedom in the worship within the Church.

3. There is a great and deep faith and devotion in the hearts of millions of Russian people.

4. All anti-religious propaganda has come to an end.

As to the future, Dr Garbett states that close fellowship between our two Churches should help the two peoples to come nearer to one another.

## ACORNS AS PIG FOOD

Acorns are a valuable food for pigs and poultry, and the Ministry of Agriculture appeals to schools and youth organisations to form collecting parties.

Before doing so, however, organisers should make sure that they have a market for the acorns. It is pointed out that farmers and other pig and poultry keepers are being asked to make their requirements known; and a fair price suggested for acorns in good condition is from 5s to 7s 6d a hundred-weight.

Collectors are asked to obtain permission before entering private property and to be careful to close all gates and avoid damaging crops.

## The U.S. Prepares For the Future

Older readers of the C.N. recall with regret the action of the U.S. Senate in overriding President Wilson's plan for his country to work in his League of Nations.

Under the American Constitution Foreign Relations are the province of the Senate and its relevant Committee has lately decided to move the reversal of the U.S. attitude to world affairs.

The resolution pledges the Senate to wage war until victory is complete, to cooperate in securing a just and honourable peace, and join with free and sovereign nations in establishment and maintenance of an international authority with power to prevent aggression and preserve the peace of the world.

## Sir Michael Sadler

WITH the death of Sir Michael Sadler the cause of Education has lost one of its doughtiest champions and one of its most inspiring figures.

The name of this great Yorkshireman, born at Barnsley in 1861, will ever be honoured at Oxford where he crowned a pre-eminent distinguished career as Master of University College; and his work both for the Oxford University Extension Committee and the Oxford Preservation Trust will long be remembered. At Leeds University also, where he was Vice-Chancellor for 12 years,

his name will always be revered, for it was largely due to his great knowledge, his magnetic personality, and unflagging energies that it progressed from a comparatively unknown institution into a vital force in the North.

Every aspect of education, in every part of the world, was known to him. Teachers and taught alike found in him a guiding friend, and his influence on elementary schools was no small one.

With Sir Michael Sadler's passing England lost a noble man, and youth a Torchbearer.





### Always Alert

Members of the Royal Observer Corps on duty at a post in Central Scotland which spotted the first enemy plane over Britain

## Gipsies Pull Their Weight

GIPSIES in this country, though normally they love to be free as the open air in which they live, and hate working to order, have done good service for Britain's war effort. Not all gipsies are pedlars and tinkers, as many people believe, and there is a certain kind of gipsy who specialises in seasonal work on our farms, and, needless to say, is very important nowadays.

Nor should we forget that in the ranks of the British army, gipsy men are proving themselves invaluable as scouts, through

their intimate knowledge of the countryside.

But there is now a special factory in an English forest where a squad of gipsies are working on production of particular importance. Their job is to peel the bark from a tree used for certain military purposes. This bark, which was formerly thrown away as waste, has now found a vital importance in producing cascara, and the gipsies strip it away for the chemists to make into medicine. Formerly we had to get all our cascara abroad.

### SPEED

From America it is reported that fighter planes are now being constructed which, in level flight at their maximum speed, are only 35 feet per second slower than a six-inch shell. In a dive, these planes are considerably faster than a .45 calibre bullet fired from an army pistol.

### GIFT FROM THE ENEMY

A curious use for bombs was made known recently through the USA National War Fund.

So many bombs dropped by the Japanese in North-West China have failed to go off that the picric acid explosive used in them has been extracted and used as a dye. Picric acid is a well-known intense yellow dye-stuff employed on a large scale in peacetime. The quantity obtained from the bombs dropped in China has been sufficient for an entire year's supply of army blankets.

## Making Ropes For Seventy Years

CASTLETON, Derbyshire, is famous throughout Europe for the size and magnificence of its caves, where, it is thought, the Romans once mined for lead. In the mouth of one of the largest caves, Peak Cavern, there thrives today an industry which has been in the same family for over 200 years.

The industry is that of rope-making, and one of the best exponents of the trade, Mr H. W. Whittingham, has just died at the age of 85. He had been making ropes in the cavern for 70 years.

There are very few local

industries still thriving in England today. One by one they are being superseded by machine produce, but rope-making in Derbyshire, like basket-making in other parts of the country, is one of the few local crafts of that kind still practised.

Before his death, Mr Whittingham had begun work on newer methods of rope-making, and his family will continue the work there and elsewhere.

Since the age of 18, Mr Whittingham had been a local preacher, and was well known throughout the Hope Valley in Derbyshire.

## TALE OF A WATCH

A farm labourer at Morpeth some time ago bought from a street hawker a watch for which he paid 7s 6d.

The labourer then sold it to a Morpeth farmer for 15s. Eventually the farmer was persuaded to part with it for £15. But the present owner would not part with it at any price, for on the inside casing there is an inscription of five words and a date. This is what it says:

George Stephenson,  
engine-wright,

Killingworth Colliery, 1812.

The watch still keeps good time and ticks like a grandfather's clock.

### HUSH! HUSH!

The only three-funnelled destroyer in the Royal Navy is HMS Skate. She is also the oldest destroyer in the Navy, and her somewhat out-of-date lines are frequently the subject of good-natured chaffing by other crews.

The other day she was challenged by another warship.

"Who are you?" they signalled.

This was a definite slur on HMS Skate's dignity.

"Churchill's secret weapon," she replied haughtily.

### FRESH WATER SHARK

Sharks are all too plentiful in salt water; but one has been found in Lake Nicaragua, which is a rarity indeed, for it is a fresh-water shark. Its existence in this 3000-square-mile lake has been known for some time and it is named *Carcharhinus nicaraquensis*, but it has rarely been seen inshore.

The President of Nicaragua, Anastasio Somoza, found three some years ago but could not keep them, and preserved only their photographs. A submarine sank one, but it went to the bottom and was not recovered.

Major Charles Duke, U.S.A., has had better luck and got the only intact specimen known, a white monster which was dragged aboard and was indubitably in every respect a shark. How the breed, which came from the Atlantic, not the Pacific, got into Lake Nicaragua, 1000 feet above sea level, many thousands of years ago, is a mystery.

### PETER PAN'S MODEL

Mr William A. Harwood has died in Devon. As a boy he was chosen by Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, to pose as a model for the much-loved Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens, for which young Harwood was paid at the rate of a shilling an hour. He was often commended by Sir James Barrie, who frequently watched the sculptor at work on the statue.

### CALL OF THE DRUM

Never perhaps has the native tom-tom been put to such an unusual use as recently when it was sounded in the jungle territory of the United Africa Company, on the West Coast of Africa.

The company, which employs thousands of natives in the production of timber, cocoa, and oil seed, has introduced a pension scheme for its employees, but as many of the older workers cannot read or write, the only way to announce the pension was by the age-old tom-tom. So the drums were used to beat out "Come and draw your pension."

## Surprise Encounter

Nor the least of the tragedies of war must be the chance of killing an opponent who had been a friend; for the bond of real friendship cannot be broken by the vicissitudes of politics or war, nor by the will of upstart tyrants.

Expressive of this unalterable truth is the story of a chance meeting in the streets of Pompeii between a young English tank officer and a young German tank officer.

Charging down the deserted streets of the ruined city to escape from a British anti-tank gun, a German tank came face to face with the fire-spitting gun

of a British medium tank turning round the corner. The German tank was knocked out by a direct hit, and its crew climbed out and walked over to the British tank to surrender. The British crew also climbed out.

Imagine the surprise of both groups when a German officer, recognising an old English friend, spoke in English. "Hallo! Fancy meeting you here. The last place in the world I expected to find you. How's your sister?"

Thus were two peacetime friends, fighting under hostile banners, united for a time in the midst of war.

### JACKIE

Once he was under sentence of death, but he is reprieved now.

Jackie is a gander who made a crash-landing in a Yorkshire forestry centre about five months ago. He was worn out and frightfully thin. A worker at the centre took charge of Jackie, and carefully fattened him up, intending to cook his goose and eat it one fine day.

But Jackie became very affectionate. He would wait for his master, follow him about, and even trot into Middleham with him. He remained so faithful that at last his owner declared Jackie should live as long as he pleased. So Jackie is enjoying life very much now.

### PROGRESS

"My, they go fast," exclaimed a man in Canada as he took his first tram ride in 20 years. He is Ontario's new Minister of Agriculture.

## Chiang and Shek Give a Party

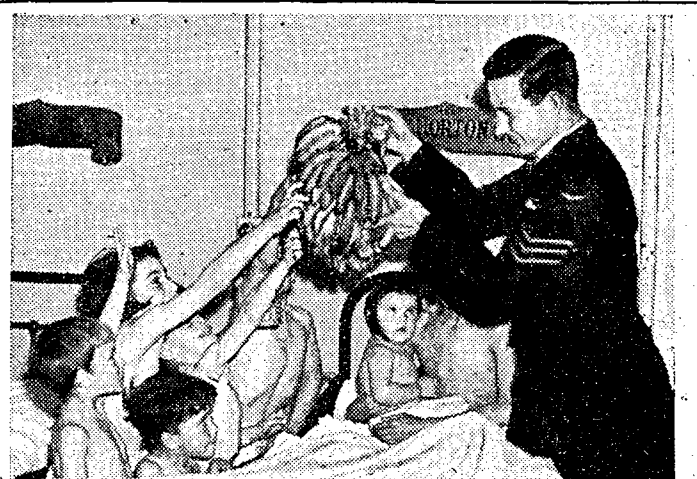
CHIANG and Shek, two usually docile bear cubs of the Trailside Museum Zoo, in Bear Mountain, New York State, decided to give a party not long ago.

After their keeper, Miss Helen Skinner, had put the inmates to bed and turned out the lights, Chiang and Shek broke open their cage and proceeded to free their friends. First of all they let out Butch, a seven-year-old beaver, then Charlie the chipmunk, a young Albino woodchuck, five generations of white-foot mice, and lots of bullfrogs. Some inmates were not invited. They were the rattlesnakes, the copper-

heads, and the skunk!

A good time was had by all. The beaver started work on the legs of the table, the mice scurried round looking for cheese, while the bullfrogs made a beeline for a mudbank.

When Miss Skinner opened the door in the morning the two cubs sat innocently in their cage, surrounded by chaos. But they were soon found out, for there was fresh paint on the walls, and the cubs, after their tumblers and games round the room, looked rather like pandas, with big splashes of white all over them and extremely white paws!



### Thank You, Sergeant!

When Sergeant Pilot T. V. Holland of the Royal Australian Air Force flew from Gibraltar to England, he brought with him a big bunch of about 80 bananas, which he took to Queen Elizabeth's Hospital for Children in London. Fifty of the little patients told him they did not know what bananas were!



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### Rational Rejoicing

A MILITARY critic suggests that the Allies might profitably borrow a hint from the Red Army in tactical surprises. Our soldiers doubtless have the answer to that proposal. An incident that we should all like to see copied comes from the Russian home front.

The guns and bells of Moscow had been firing and ringing during the day to acclaim a new Russian triumph on the field of battle. In the evening meetings were hastily summoned in the factories and workshops of the capital, not to stay the workers from their employment, but to urge the night shifts to make a special effort in increasing output and thereby celebrate the latest victory won by their comrades under arms.

### MUSIC AND WORK

MR BASIL DEAN, director of ENSA, states that masterpieces of classical music will soon be heard in war factories all over the country. For example, Debussy's lovely *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* is being performed at Wigan, the first of a series arranged for a period of 40 weeks.

There is undoubtedly a growing demand for good music among factory workers; indeed, we cannot understand why anyone should hold that the best music is not appreciated by the masses.

### Helping the Enemy

A CORRESPONDENT tells us of a notice seen in a Bournemouth store. The notice, which accompanied half a dinner roll left by a customer, said:

Our Merchant Navy risk their lives to bring our food. Customers who waste bread in this manner are helping the enemy, and we prefer them not to use our restaurant.

### JUST AN IDEA

Never trust the first step of wrongdoing; it hangs over the edge of a precipice.

## Under the Editor's Table

A LANDGIRL was told she lacked the habit of work. Perhaps she was waiting for her uniform.

A FIRM of nursery gardeners has several branches. What about roots?

SOME boys like to fight single handed. But they double their fists.

SOME shoes are of low quality. Even if they are high heeled.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a wind-fall is a fruit-drop.

## MODERN EXPLORERS

OUR world is on the threshold of some new and great discoveries. There may be no more uncharted seas to be crossed, and no new islands to be pinpointed on our maps. But the day of the explorer has arrived again, and a thrilling day it may well be.

There are areas teeming with life just waiting for some brave man or woman to enter in, do some prospecting, and harness what is to be found there to what has already been discovered. The men and women who respond will become explorers, and their explorations will be for the enrichment of their own and future generations.

Somebody is needed to explore the hinterland of youth. An explorer with sight and insight, a daring spirit who will delve into that mass of energy for which youth is justly famous, and from it select those who can be trained for leadership.

There are undiscovered treasures in the world of work. They await the explorer who is enterprising enough to inquire the way, and then to embark upon the path which leads to healthy and happy relationships wherever toilers in factories or tillers of the ground feel they have cause for complacency or complaint. Exploration of this kind will yield excellent results, and

the explorer who succeeds in this sphere will be remembered with pride and pleasure.

Explorers are needed to cross the horizon of "Home," to rediscover the lost or wasted affection of mothers and fathers, sons and daughters. Who would claim that home life today is yielding up all its beauty and all its bounty? Explorers are wanted here.

Religion is a realm for exploration also. The church which numbers among its members those who are explorers in spiritual things is the church of the future. There are opportunities unprecedented. There is a wealth in worship which, because it has been so long unsought, has remained undiscovered. But it is there, for the explorers of God to enter in.

OUR country is calling for explorers—more and more of them. For men and women, and young people too; for all who are ready and willing to take risks, to right wrongs, to reclaim lost honours, to discover and rediscover the high and holy heritage which in the providence of God has long been the legacy of our national life. There is so much in the territory of tomorrow which will become the treasured property of any people who prove themselves courageous enough to be explorers.

### THREE CHEERS

THE people of Turkey are prohibited from showing publicly their feelings concerning the nations at war.

We like the story of the cinema audience who sat glumly through news reels showing the prodigious feats of the German Army, Navy, and Luftwaffe. But when the Allies appeared on the screen, an undercurrent of tense excitement swept the crowd, and a man in the back row got up and shouted "Three cheers for the local football team!" Deafening applause showed just which side the Turkish people really are on.

### The Children's Hour

Goodnight, children, everywhere! Millions of grown-ups heard the much-loved voice of Uncle Mac saying this the other night long after his young listeners were in bed.

The occasion was the twentieth broadcast in the popular series of BBC Close Ups, devoted to The Children's Hour, and Derek McCulloch and Kenneth Adams took listeners behind the scenes, as it were. Although thousands of grown-ups know it already, there must have been many others who realised for the first time that some of the brightest moments in the day's broadcasts are in the Children's Hour. Has any broadcaster, we wonder, a greater company of friends than Uncle Mac?

The C N and its readers rejoice in his return to the microphone, and send him all good wishes.



## The Oldsters Go To It

In a Midland factory 60 elderly men, most of them old-age pensioners, are doing useful war work filing components. Here are some of the men at work, and although the average age of the sixty is nearly 66 they work 9½ hours a day

## Casualties on the Factory Front

NO fewer than 314,630 accidents in British factories were reported in 1942, and of these 1363 were fatal. In the previous year the number was 269,652 and the deaths 1646. The Home Office regard the fall in fatalities as an index of additional care in the prevention of serious accidents, but the Chief Inspector's Report makes it clear that the accident rate makes "an appreciable inroad in our war effort."

There are many reasons why the number of accidents increased in 1942, including the increased employment of women and girls, the speeding-up of production combined with increased war weariness, the increased call on overworked supervisory staffs, and the employment of older people. It should not be forgotten, of course, that there has been a considerable increase in the number of war workers, but it is a sad fact that accidents to women grew by two-thirds.

Other causes mentioned by the factory inspectors are dirty and oily floors, piles of packing cases, neglect of cleanliness in lampshades, walls, and windows. However, it is good to be able to say that there has been a steady improvement in accommodation, lighting, and ventilation. The worst conditions are in small factories.

## PRIVATE MOLEFE GETS HIS MEDALS

A QUARTER of a century ago, Private Johannes Molefe earned three medals. He is a native soldier who served with the South Africans in the first European War.

The medals have just been pinned on his tunic during an even greater war, in which Private Molefe is serving, no longer a young man, with the Union's Native Military Corps.

Nobody seems to know why Private Molefe did not receive his

Sir Wilfred Garrett, the Chief Inspector, remarks that it is not surprising that war workers show signs of staleness after four years of war, but a number of factors can be worked upon to reduce accidents. He points to the advisability of relieving the boring sameness of work by regular periods of unfettered leisure. Something can be done to improve the use of available foodstuffs in the canteens. Dr Merryweather says that, even in the height of summer, some factory canteens have no though beyond "the deadly sameness of boiled cabbage." Industrial health, however, in spite of drawbacks in factories and homes, is reported as satisfactory.

The Chief Inspector urges women workers to use caps to keep flowing hair from catching in moving machinery. Head caps are not enough, however, and he says that until some lady popularises a style in hairdressing which will make the present curls unfashionable he has little hope of the cap being a complete protection.

Taking everything into consideration, we realise how great is the nation's debt to the war workers who, so often indifferently housed and working long hours, pay so heavy a price to equip our armies in the field.

medals. Today he is a veteran soldier proud of his 29 years' service, and there was a special parade at which the medals were presented to him. He earned them in three campaigns—in German South-West Africa, in German East Africa under Smuts, and in France with the B.E.F.

We trust that this fine black soldier will not have to wait a quarter of a century for the medals he is earning in this war.



## We Must Not Become Yes-Men

AFTER four years of war have we become a race of "State stooges," "yes-men," "robots," "controlled automations" who are ordered, bullied, lectured, driven, and controlled in every part of our life? Mr Harold Balfour, the Under-Secretary for Air, has recently asked this question which deeply affects us all.

Every Briton when the war began surrendered some of his liberties. He agreed through Parliament that his property, his money, his time and labour might be used by the State for the protection and defence of all. He saw his young men and women called to serve by land, sea, and air. He did it all willingly—his personal sacrifice for the common good.

The Press, watchdog of the nation's liberties, willingly agreed that it would publish only what was "safe" for the people to hear. It allowed its news to be censored and its activities to be subjected to the authority of the State. Some of the dearly won liberties of the Press were surrendered for the time being.

### For the Common Good

The business man too said that he would give up his freedom of enterprise. He handed over his initiative to the State and agreed that his business should be controlled, inspected, and governed by the authority set over him by the State. He did this willingly for the common good. The grim demands of a life and death struggle meant that the State had to be permitted to direct and control us all as it saw fit for the common good and the achievement of victory.

Now the great question is arising: Is this control to continue after the war? It is here that Mr Balfour sees a danger. He knows that the Press must again be free; that business must once again break out into enterprises of its own, and that the ordinary citizen must be allowed to walk unhindered in his common life. Yet he fears that having grown used to control, we shall continue to want it and degenerate into a race of "State stooges" who must be instructed at every turn.

Mr Balfour says that some people "see before them the dawn of a glorious vision of State ownership of all and sundry; State control; State direction; form-filling; statistics; regimentation of work and leisure by innumerable Government departments and, of course, the extinction of the little man and the small business as being inefficient and unwanted in such a perfect ordered society."

### A Race of State Stooges

"Their ultimate ideal for this ordered State will be the raising of utility families in accordance with State guidance, the children, as soon as possible, being enrolled into the ever-swelling ranks of a new race of little State stooges trained to serve and look only to the State for all sustenance, security, and benefit right from their days of the State crèche to the evening of life directed to be spent in some bare-walled, but beautiful sanitary institution run, of course, under a State medical service."

An exaggerated picture of what might happen, as Mr Balfour admits, but are we to be a race of such "stooges"? Then let us call up the spirits of the old adventurers and the valiant men of

past days who by hard work and daring risk have handed down to us the story of what high-hearted individual men may do.

There will surely be no need to curb that spirit in the new Britain. It can be controlled and ordered for the common good more than it was in past days. The glory and variety of British life can become part of the new heritage without the disaster and misery of unbridled competition and uncontrolled enterprise.

Let Mr Balfour have no fear for the Englishman. He has always had his weather eye open on what the State is up to and he has had, at great moments in our history, to curb the central authority which would control his individual and local life.

The old individualism is dead, it is true, but a new individualism will be born dedicated to the high purposes of the common good. Neither "yes-men" nor "State stooges," but free men of a new world will rise, men who share equally in the rich things of the common life.

### Our Future Liberties

Like Mr Balfour we do not believe that Government departments will crush down our determination to enjoy our liberty and order our lives in the way we choose, and to draw reasonable rewards due to the success of our own efforts.

But we know also that each one of us may have to continue to surrender for the common good such liberties and freedoms whose unbridled sway may harm the nation and the family of nations. How much control and how much freedom will form the great debate of the future. Let us go into the debate with courage and hope, knowing that out of it may come new beginning for Britain and for the whole world. Though we cannot go back into the "old days" we must go forward into the "new days," for no nation can live and grow by merely marking time. This then is the call of the future—not a race of "State stooges" but a new race of free men.

### LEADER IN PAPUA

Missionaries do not always see the results of their own work, but sometimes encouragement comes in unexpected ways, as shown by this tale from the youngest of the Christian Churches—that in Papua.

When the war reached these islands some villagers moved inland to safe quarters, and one day a missionary was surprised to see that one young evacuee and his wife had returned—in spite of air raids—to their old home. When asked the reason, the lad explained that on reaching the new village he had looked round and discovered that all the Church leaders were there, and no one was left to help and encourage the people remaining in his home village. So he and his wife had come back to join their neighbours, and they were holding prayer meetings in the village every evening.

## CARRY ON

### The Crowning Things

OUR heroes are not in their graves. Somewhere in realms we do not know their power goes on. The something in them that we could not see or touch, but which we felt and knew was there; the something that we love them for; the something we saw in the light of their eyes, or heard in the softness of their voice, or felt in their presence near us—these things are not dead. They are the crowning things that Life has made, the things that make us different from flowers and streams and hills and stones and from everything else alive. They are the instruments of God Himself, the powers He has set in men to carry on His mighty purposes, and for them there is no death. Arthur Mee

### A GOOD INVESTMENT

A TRULY gladsome sight it is to see  
A sunny smile light up a weary face,  
To watch dull cares and worries headlong flee  
And leave behind them not the faintest trace.  
Life for us all may yield rich dividends  
At trifling cost, if we invest in smiles;  
Then, as our days increase, so do our friends,  
And flagging hearts are braced for weary miles.  
I would light smiles on faces every day  
And send tired folk rejoicing on their way. David Effaye

### A Children's Prayer

The children of the seventh form in John M. Culver School, Evansville, U S A, have written this for their own School Prayer:

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, we are gathered in this room this morning to begin another day of learning. Help us to be better boys and girls today, gaining friends and undertaking all the things that make our lives big and worthwhile. Care for those boys and girls all over the world who are suffering and are in want. And most of all, Father, try hard to teach the leaders of the world these things we are learning—that we must be fair and kind and courteous to be happy and to make others happy. Amen.

### TRUTH

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so:  
That, howsoever I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.  
Arthur Hugh Clough

### Unwilling Listeners

NEVER hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.  
The Earl of Chesterfield

## The Real Life Here and Hereafter

I RAISE a voice to exalt the present and the real,  
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade,  
To sing in songs how exercise and chemical life are never to be baffled,  
To manual work for each and all, to plough, hoe, dig,  
To plant and tend the tree, the berry, vegetables, flowers,  
For every man to see to it that he really do something, for every woman too;  
To use the hammer and the saw (rip, or cross-cut),  
To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plastering, painting,

To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler, porter,  
To invent a little, something ingenious, to aid the washing, cooking, cleaning,  
And hold it no disgrace to take a hand at them themselves.  
I say I bring thee, Muse, today and here,  
All occupations, duties broad and close,  
Whatever forms the average, strong, complete, perfect personality,  
And helps its present life to health and happiness, and shapes its soul,  
For the eternal real life to come.  
Walt Whitman

## The Value of an Opinion

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing the one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner, if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many.

But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race—posterity as well as the existing generation, those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit: the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.

John Stuart Mill

## BE THANKFUL

TODAY the world is stormy, dull, and grey,  
And we lament the dark and dismal day;  
Poor mortals! rise and greet the raging seas,  
And breast the howling tempest over the seas.

We must, at times, have gloomy days and rain,  
And it avails us nothing to complain:  
Think more of others, and of self much less,  
And all the world will fill with happiness.

Each season of the year brings its delight,  
And everything that happens must be right;  
For all things have a reason and a cause,  
Arising from divine, eternal laws.

Behold the endless world's sublimity,  
Its justice, wisdom, and nobility.  
Be thankful for its mercy, friendship, mirth,  
And for the sacred gift of life on earth.  
E. Oxburgh

### The Boomerang

HAPPINESS is a boomerang: You throw it out and think no more about it, and back it comes, tap-tapping at the window. I expect the journey out into the fresh air does it good.

G. B. Stern

### WORK

WHEN one works for personal glory the work is bound to suffer. Only work for the sake of the work itself and the good it can do deserves success.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek



THIS ENGLAND Saddleback seen from the peaceful Vale of Naddle, Cumberland



# Atlantic's Midway Islands

NINE little islands in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean are again to become a vital link between the Old World and the New. The Azores, used as a landing point by Columbus on his voyage of discovery, and again in 1919 by the first flying men to cross the Atlantic, are, by an agreement with Portugal, to provide facilities to the United Nations in their fight against the U-boat.

The Azores, or the Islands of the Hawk, as they are called from the Portuguese word for the hawks which are so numerous there, were for generations the fairest jewel in the crown of Portugal, enabling that country to maintain its rich trade with Brazil. In the age of sailing ships they were an invaluable half-way house between Europe and America, but the coming of steam-power deprived them of their importance as ports of call and their population left the islands by hundreds of thousands.

Little known to most of us, the islands have been on maps since the Arabians made maps many centuries ago; and the Phoenicians knew the Azores well, for we find their coins there.

But probably to Englishmen the islands are best known through the opening line of Tennyson's ballad *The Revenge: At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay.*

The Azores are the most central land in the Atlantic. In round figures they rise 800 miles from Europe, 900 from Africa, and 1000 from America. The nearest European point is Portugal; the nearest American point is Newfoundland.

Literally, they have risen from the sea, thrown up by the bursting fires beneath the ocean bed; and the volcanic action has not yet entirely ceased. They are

very mountainous, their coasts are steep, and good anchorage is rare. The little island Pico rears its crest 7600 feet above the sea.

The Azores belong to and are regarded as a part of Portugal; that is, they send members to the Portuguese Parliament, and are not treated as a colony. They were uninhabited when the Portuguese took possession of them in 1431.

They are spread out over nearly 400 miles of ocean in three groups—two, Flores and Corvo, in the west; five, Terceira, St George, Pico, Graciosa, and Fayal, in the centre; and Santa Maria and San Miguel in the east.

The population is about 280,000, chiefly on the largest island, San Miguel. The three principal seaports are Ponta Delgada on San Miguel, Horta on Fayal, and Angra on Terceira.

The islands have a mild and even climate. Their chief exports are oranges and pine-apples.

## The Young at Heart

When A. C. Murray, from Michel, in British Columbia, walked into the Canadian Army recruiting centre at Calgary the other day, to volunteer for service, he was turned down.

Though sound in wind and limb, and young at heart, the veteran of seventy years was told that he was too old for the army.

# CHRISTIAN COMMANDOS GET TO WORK

From a Correspondent

METHODIST ministers throughout Great Britain are trying to hasten the religious revival which they are confident will come. They call themselves Christian Commandos, and every one of the team of about 40 is an eminent minister or padre with a wide knowledge of social conditions in this country.

The commando campaign is a new method of presenting Christianity to the people. It has been tried out in Reading, Nottingham, and Sheffield, and during the next twelve months commandos are to stage campaigns in many other large towns and cities.

These campaigns cannot fail to attract the attention of the public, for meetings are held in the streets, in cinemas and theatres, works and factories. In Sheffield alone, 100,000 people were contacted by the commandos.

I had the experience of accompanying a party of commandos to a public house, where there were about 150 people. Some of them mocked the commandos when they first entered, but before they had been inside ten minutes the commandos were being eagerly heeded. The people in the public house, many of whom had never been inside a church for years, found that Christianity has something to offer the world.

## Robust Religion

The party with which I went consisted of five ministers and laymen. Two of them were comedians, who entertained the people in the hotel before passing on the message of the Gospel to them; one was an accordionist, who prefaced his address with popular songs, which were taken up and sung by the patrons.

That is only one way in which the commandos are "bringing the Church to the people."

One of the leaders, who has ministered in many towns in England, told me that he had met with nothing but encouragement during the campaigns. He found everybody willing to listen to what he had to say. The good that is being done by Christian Commandos all over the country, he said, cannot be measured.

I also had the opportunity of seeing Christian Commandos at work in a large factory employing thousands of people. They went during the lunch hour, spoke to the workers in their canteen, and then sat down with them and talked to them, man to man.

If you live in a large town or city you may expect a visit from a force of Christian Commandos, and wherever they go they cannot be ignored.

## YEARS OF BLISS

There is at least one gracious old English lady who does not know there is a war. She is Mrs Margaret Richardson of Askern, near Doncaster, and she has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

When the war broke out the eldest of her seven daughters, with whom Mrs Richardson lives, decided that it would be best if her mother was not told of the war, so not a word about it has reached her. When the sirens go she says, "There goes the colliery hooter."

# Saturn & Mars Appear Close to Each Other

SATURN is now becoming very well placed for observation in the late evening as he rises soon after 8 o'clock and may be seen from about half an hour later low in the east, appearing a little way to the left of Mars and at a lower altitude, writes the C.N. Astronomer.

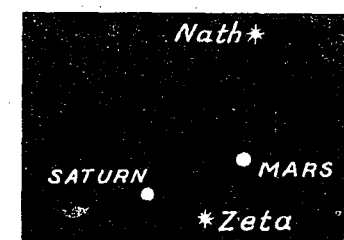
The third-magnitude star Zeta in Taurus appears, at present, almost equi-distant below Saturn and Mars, as shown in the star map, but, as both planets will appear to be travelling westwards for the next two months, their position relative to Zeta will be seen to change. By the beginning of December, therefore, Saturn will appear just above Zeta.

The difference in colour between Mars and Saturn is strikingly obvious, the coppery tint of Mars contrasting with the leaden hue of Saturn, which also appears not nearly so bright as Mars. Saturn, however, when viewed through a telescope, is seen to be much the larger of the two planets, and has, in addition, his wide-open Rings so turned toward us that they more than double the amount of light and brilliance of Saturn, as compared with the amount radiated when the Rings are almost invisible through appearing edgewise. This occurred last in 1936-7, and will happen again in seven years.

It is the much greater distance of Saturn from the Sun, as well as from us, that so reduces the luminosity of that remote world as compared with Mars; for whereas Saturn is at present about 766 million miles away, Mars is only 54 million miles, and therefore proportionately nearer to the Sun. As seen from Mars the Sun appears about two-thirds the width that he appears to us, but as seen from Saturn the Sun is only one-ninth as wide, and so appears only as a tiny disc in the sky as compared with the splendid disc that shines upon us. We see, therefore, why Saturn appears so much less brilliant than Mars, notwithstanding his relative immensity, for Saturn has a diameter of 75,000 miles against only 4200 of Mars.

Saturn has, in addition, his grand System of Rings which give a total diameter of 171,000 miles. These Rings are open almost to their widest as seen

from our point of view in space during the present year. Their south or underneath side is turned toward us to such a degree that the Rings appear just over the top and also below Saturn's sphere, which is, as it were, suspended in the middle. Thus the scene presented, together with Saturn's retinue of nine satellites, is now one of great beauty.



The present relative position of Saturn and Mars in the constellation of Taurus

The globe of Saturn is also of beauty and interest, as it is crossed by great cloud belts similar to those of Jupiter, but appearing much fainter, for Saturn averages about twice the distance of Jupiter. The great Equatorial Belt is of a pale yellowish hue, while the polar regions are of a greenish-grey tint; and a most remarkable circumstance is the terrific speed with which the Equatorial Belt whirls round Saturn, over a circumference of some 230,000 miles in only 10 hours 14 minutes.

As in the case of Jupiter and also the Sun, this equatorial region travels faster than any other part of the planet, and its great speed accounts for the flattened appearance of Saturn's sphere, owing to his equatorial regions bulging to the extent of about 8000 miles above the extent of his polar diameter, which is 67,200 miles. In latitudes corresponding to our terrestrial temperate zones, Saturn's rotation is about half an hour less.

G. F. M.

# BEDTIME CORNER

## Daddie's Pen

TEDDIE was busy filling Daddie's fountain-pen when he caught sight of the old gardener.

"Don't go, Mr James!" he cried, poking his head out of the window. "I want to speak to you most particularly."

Teddie wiped the pen, put the cap on, and ran into the study with it. Daddie wasn't there. "He will be in the garden," he thought. So he put the pen in his pocket and hurried out.

Mr James was piling leaves into a basket and emptying it by the tool-shed.

"I'll do that!" Teddie cried, quite forgetting what he had come for, and he caught up the basket and set off with it.

He pitched out his load and scampered back for another. It was fun! He took five loads, and was terribly disappointed when he was called in to dinner.

As he took his seat at the table, Daddie looked up from the joint he was carving, and said: "Where is my pen?"

"In my pocket," said Teddie, feeling for it. "At least it was—but it's gone!"

It was Daddie's precious pen. Teddie knew how he valued it.

"It must have dropped out in the garden," he said. "I'll go and hunt for it."

But though he hunted, and Daddie and Mummie too, they could not find it.

Daddie did not scold, but he was terribly vexed.

After dinner Teddie wandered out to make another search all alone.



Old Mr James was sweeping up the litter of leaves round the big heap he had made in the morning. Teddie leaned against the roller and watched him.

Suddenly he sprang forward with a little cry.

All at once the sun had burst through the clouds and was shining on something hard and round sticking up among the rubbish. It was the pen!

Teddie pounced on it, and flew off with it to the house.

"Here it is, Daddie!" he shouted. "The sun found it. Oh, I am so glad!"



# QUININE'S ROMANTIC STORY

## A Chance the Empire Missed

THIS is the season of the year when many seek the chemist, if they feel a cold coming on, for ammoniated quinine, in order to stave it off. Whether the remedy will do so is far from certain, but there is no harm in trying it, for it is a good tonic and reduces the fever of infection, even though powerless to reduce the germ, which is an invisible virus.

Where, however, quinine is a real preventive, preservative, and remedy is when it is called on to subdue malaria; and malaria is the scourge of the tropics, and a serious danger to our Forces serving in the Pacific. It helped to drive the U.S. forces out of the Philippines at Bataan; it is an ever-present threat to the Australian and American soldiers, sailors, and airmen fighting the Japanese in the New Guinea area and the Solomons.

As all know, the germ of malaria is carried by a mosquito of the Anopheles variety, and Ronald Ross by proving this saved millions of lives in the tropics and elsewhere. The particular kind of malarial mosquito threatening to spread in the islands of the Pacific war zone is the *Anopheles punctulatus*, whose larvae are the most adaptable of all the malarial mosquitoes. The oblong of islands susceptible to it takes in the Solomons, the New Hebrides, the Admiralty Islands, Trobriand Isles, New Britain, New Ireland, Santa Cruz Islands, and Samarai, and only just misses Fiji. Even New Caledonia, a vitally strategic island on the supply route between the U.S. and Australia, may not be immune. At any rate, quinine is certainly necessary there for the health of the Forces, and the men must have their daily dose of such anti-malarial drugs as can be got. None is so good as quinine.

### How it was Named

If the Japanese had not occupied Java there would be quinine to spare, because if the best quinine is wanted Java has it. It is derived from dried cinchona bark, and cinchona comes from the quina tree, getting its name from a Spanish countess who, according to a legend, was cured of malaria at Lima by its use. But nobody knows when quinine was first used medicinally by the South American peoples, and the cinchona bark quinine now prepared is very different from that simple native remedy.

The call for quinine became acute in the middle of last century when British and Dutch colonies were expanding in the East Indies and the Pacific. An Englishman living at Puna, in Peru, some way from Lima, knowing of the demand, obtained fourteen pounds of the seed of a

cinchona tree from the headwaters of the Maramare River in Bolivia, and sent it to London. Our Government did not want it, or thought they did not, for India. It was then offered to the Dutch Government. The thrifty Dutch bought a single pound of it for about £4, with the understanding that if the cinchona trees from it produced a high yield of quinine, they would pay more. They did, paying a hundred dollars in all, and the rest of the seed was sold to an Anglo-Indian planter, more enterprising than the India Office. Of the one pound arriving in Java 78 years ago, 20,000 seeds germinated and 12,000 seedlings were set out in the next year.

### Java's Monopoly

That was how at an experimental station at Tjinjiracan the Java cinchona cultivation began. It has now grown to a degree which produces 95 per cent, practically all, of the world's pre-war consumption of 722 tons a year of the purest quinine. It is the purest because to the true gardener's touch of the Dutchman is added scientific research in manufacturing processes. In that way it was a monopoly, and in that way alone. The world wanted quinine, the Dutch had it; but it was open to the world to imitate their methods, and a beginning was already made when Dutch cinchona seeds were flown from the former Dutch Pacific islands to Washington, and from there to Puerto Rico and many republics of the American tropics.

Wild cinchona in South America cannot compete with the cultivated variety because it rarely contains more than 3 per cent of quinine, and double that percentage is needed for commercial extraction.

Synthetics and substitutes, not as good as the genuine article, have proved useful, and cold and influenza preventives that we buy have to do without their proper basis of quinine, which is now almost exclusively reserved for malaria.

Among the substitutes is the pyrethrum seed now grown in Kenya and already supplying seed to replant 7500 acres of devastated fields of pyrethrum in the Caucasus, where it is a native, and to raise crops in other British colonies, the Belgian Congo, and Brazil. In fact, our Ministry of Supply has agreed to buy all the pyrethrum seed grown in Kenya on a maximum of 50,000 acres.

### WAR VOCABULARY

We like this story of the small girl who was travelling with her mother in a bus, and happened to sit opposite two nuns.

"Who were the two ladies in the bus, Mummie?" she asked after they had arrived home.

"Which two ladies?" asked her mother.

"The ones with the blackout on," was the reply.

# THE FROSTY CAUCASUS

THANKS to the courage, skill, and persistence of the doughty Russians, the German armies have been compelled to bid a reluctant farewell to the Caucasus. Not for them are the oil and other natural riches of that romantic world. For, in respect of the number of races there, a world it may be called.

People of 30 races have found, home and happiness in the area.

Among them are Kalmuks, Turkomans, Tunguses, Yakuts, Koryaks, Samoyeds, Ostyaks, and Finns. These racial remnants are there, scholar travellers tell, as a result of their ancestors having settled there from time to time in the course of the great migrations of peoples of old time. In other cases strangers were driven there by conquest from countries to the south. Whatever their origin, none of the people of this world in miniature desired the addition of Nazis to their ranks!

The Scythians, who lived there 25 centuries ago, gave the region its name, which means snowclad. Shakespeare was right when he made the banished Bolingbroke exclaim with bitterness:

*O, who can hold a fire in his hand*

*By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?*

# SCOTS BOYS TO LEARN GLIDING

Many A.T.C. squadrons in England have their Glider Schools, but so far boys in Scotland, members of the A.T.C. or otherwise, have been denied the thrill of gliding; but that is to be set right.

A large number of A.T.C. officers in Scotland have been recently taking tuition at a central glider school, and two new gliding centres are being opened shortly in Scotland itself.

The Duke of Hamilton, Group Captain, giving these details, told Scottish leaders that the A.T.C. can take several thousand more Scots recruits now, and scouted the idea that only the most brilliant youths could make air crew standard. Any 14-year-old, he said, could easily make the grade if he attended parades and made every effort to reach the desired standard; 40 out of every 100 cadets who had so far attained the Proficiency Certificate were boys in this class.

# At the Close of Day

*Epilogues for Youth Clubs, by R. and E. Doidge (National Sunday School Union 3s).*

The BBC has brought the Epilogue into all our homes; this book aims at bringing it into all our Youth Clubs. It is a high aim, but it is made here with understanding and sympathy.

The book contains 52 Epilogues, each lasting eight to ten minutes, and each expounding a different theme, such as Fellowship, Courage, Enthusiasm, Good Humour; and though reverent, they are by no means what schoolboys call pi.

Writing of this kind is full of pitfalls and many authors who set out to influence others end in merely irritating them. But Reginald and Eveline Doidge have here made a success of a difficult task, and their book should be a great help to all who are guiding young people.

# The Great Trek Home of Thirty Million Sheep

DURING the summer just gone 30,000,000 sheep have been nibbling the fresh grass on the western mountains of the United States in Montana, Wyoming, and Oregon. They are now trekking homeward to the plains.

When their outward journey began in early summer many of the sheep were only lambs, and the shepherds were ever on the watch for stragglers.

Following the flock usually is a covered wagon drawn by two horses, and driven by a man who sings loudly at night to frighten coyotes away. He looks after the sheep, sometimes taking a lamb or a mother in the wagon if it gets too tired. The dogs, too, will sometimes go to him, limping, and he removes stickers from their paws.

There is also a tank wagon, and a second man hauls water all day to a spot where the flock will bed down for the night, water in troughs being ready for the sheep when they arrive. The two dogs, do not let the flock bunch up around the troughs, but keep a steady flow of sheep slowly moving, so that all may drink.

# Dogs Ever on the Alert

At night the shepherd's radio in the wagon brings music and talks from afar, while the dogs lie quietly out by the flock. But even so the dogs are ever on the alert, for coyotes are plentiful in the high country, and there are bobcats, mountain lions, and even occasional wolves. If the dogs bark sharply on a given note, the shepherd walks around the flock with a flashlight or lantern, to make sure everything is all right. Sometimes he fires the gun he carries on such trips.

Before summer ends, the flock—or band, as it is known throughout the West—has gone as high on the hills and mountains as nourishing grass grows. There are trees there, and frequent small streams. Ice patches remain on the north side of cliffs. The sheep like the high country and thrive there. It seems to be a natural grazing ground for them, and shepherds know that a lamb which has made the summertime journey to the mountains is likely to be top grade.

# Wool For the War

Many of the 30,000,000 sheep in the 11 Western States, not including Texas, graze through the summer on public domain. Perhaps 5,000,000 will graze on lands contained in the National Forests. Over the Far West, thousands of flocks range these public lands, and thousands of wagons and shepherds and dogs are in attendance. Owners of the sheep pay a small grazing fee to the Government agency concerned. Sheep flocks migrating between home and range are a common sight in this western mountain region.

The flocks in this year of war are very much in the service of the armed forces of the United States and its Allies. The nation's entire wool crop is requisitioned.

On the way back to the ranches in the autumn the shepherd takes his flock past a dispatch point, and the fat, round youngsters of the flock are put on trains bound for far away. Most of the ewes graze their way back to the home ranches as autumn rains and early snows fall, for the winter's repetition of their part in replenishing the earth.

Sheep were thriving in the Far West long before the Americans came to it. Spanish exploration and colonisation parties introduced them in California, and it is estimated there were more than 1,000,000 head on the various Spanish missions in California shortly after the year 1800.

The flocks of those earliest days were used principally for tallow and pelts, but served as a needed food source for the gold-seeking hordes of 1849 when these came along.

But now wool is the great product from these vast flocks which roam the American lands, and help to warm and clothe a great section of the world's peoples.

# Tropical Spread

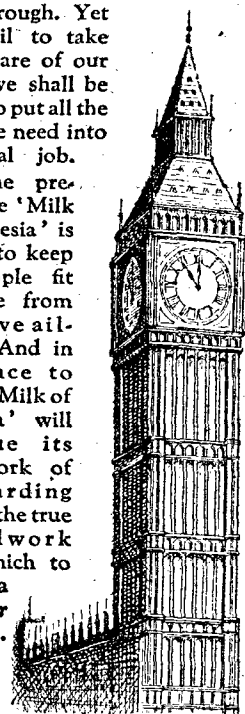
Australia is producing a new food product which has been named "Tropical Spread."

It is a butter which does not melt in tropical heat and is therefore proving of great value to the troops in North Australia and New Guinea. It should be useful everywhere in warm climates for it spreads easily while remaining firm. It is free from chemical adulteration and is said to be richer in butterfat than ordinary butter.

...when chimes the Victory hour...

...we shall have another job of work to tackle—winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good-sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a better Britain.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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## Jacko Passes the Ball



JACKO had a new football and was anxious to try it out. "Let's go into the park and have a game," he said to Chimp. So off they went. Jacko, itching to have first kick, could not wait until he reached the grassy plot, but started to play while still on the path. This, of course, is not allowed, and it was just Jacko's luck that at that very moment P.C. Monk should come round the corner. "Oh! Well headed, sir!" muttered Chimp, as he headed off for home.

Here is  
**YOUR chance**  
to help!

JOIN the Children's League of Pity—the Junior Branch of the NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to CHILDREN (President: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth)—which is stopping ignorant and cruel parents from neglecting and ill-treating children.

Its objects are:

To give younger people an opportunity of helping unfortunate children throughout the land.

To do this by giving up something for others and not by collecting money by canvassing. Membership of the League gives a sound sense of responsibility and is an education in good citizenship.



Every member who gives 10/- is awarded this splendid badge. It is a great privilege to wear it and to make other children happy. Why not write to the Secretary for full details?

**The CHILDREN'S LEAGUE of PITY**

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

May we send a speaker to your school to tell you how our Inspectors help these less fortunate children?



## The BRAN TUB

### TO SAVE COAL

Now that great economy is necessary in using coal, here is a very good device to adopt in an ordinary grate. Get a fair-sized flower-pot and stand it in an inverted position in the centre of the grate. Then build up the fire round the pot. A fine hot fire will be secured with about half the amount of coal usually needed and coal-dust can be burned up when it is going well.

### How to Send a Wire

THERE was an old man of West Ham Who wrote out a short telegram; "I'll send it," said he, "By train or by sea, Or what's better still, by the tram."

### Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south-east. In the morning Venus, and Jupiter are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, October 27.



### An Amusing Little Catch

REMARK that almost everything that is bought goes to the buyer, but you know of one common article at least which always goes to the cellar.

Your friend will think you mean "seller," and he will try hard to remember what it is. Then you say, "Coal goes to the cellar, doesn't it?"

### ALPHABET RIDDLES

WHAT is it that occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? *The letter M.*

What letter of the alphabet will set one of the heavenly bodies in motion? *T, because it will make a star start.*

What word of only three syllables combines in itself 26 letters? *Alphabet.*

Which is the merriest letter of the alphabet? *U, for it is always in fun.*

## The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, October 27, to Tuesday, November 2.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Submarine Alone, an adventure-serial by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones, told by Ivan Samson—Part 4, The Melting Pot; followed by He Sang to a Small Guitar, nonsense by Elton Hayes. 5.50 Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No. 10, Taw.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Gingham Umbrella, followed by A Children's Radio Concert Party with Raymond Rawson, xylophone; Geoffrey Thomas, piano; Pat Skinner, singer; Joyce Cooks, bones and bells; Arthur Bentley, impressions; Bram Gay, cornet; Marion Rice, singer; and Betty Pierson, piano and accordion.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Mystery at Witch-end, a serial play by Barbara Sleigh, adapted from the book by Malcolm Saville; produced by May E. Jenkin—Part 4, The Reservoir.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Hallowe'en Customs. 5.45 Scotland and Hallowe'en, by Helen Mitchell.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Man Who Could Not Die, a play about Boron, the Wanderer, by Marjorie Wynn-Williams, produced by Morfudd Mason Lewis. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Little Tent Under the Gum Tree, an Australian Bush tale by John Ein, told by Mac; followed by Music at Random, by Helen Henschel, and The Zoo Man.

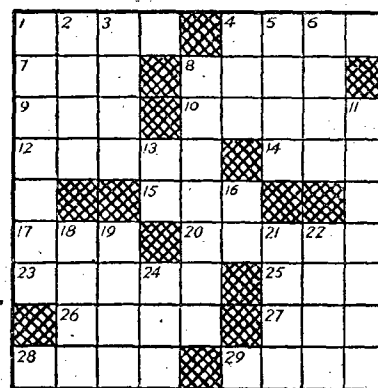
TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany, among birds and animals.

## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Tidy. 4 A lady of rank. 7 Curved line. 8 To venture. 9 Edge. 10 To remove faults from. 12 Marshland plants. 14 Bustle. 15 Moisture from the atmosphere. 17 Twice five. 20 More mature. 23 A happening. 25 An edict. 26 The flag flower. 27 An age. 28 To sink down suddenly. 29 Not difficult.

Reading Down. 1 To tell a story. 2 One of the Great Lakes. 3 The highest point. 4 A river barrier. 5 Small space before a basement window. 6 Repair. 8 Runs away. 11 Portal. 13 Doctor of Divinity. 16 West Indies. 18 Mischief. 19 He hid while Rome burned. 21 An excuse. 22 Organs of hearing. 24 To pinch. Asterisks indicate abbreviations.

Answer next week



### HIS CHOICE

HE was a new boarder, and sausages had been served for breakfast for three mornings in succession.

"I'm not very fond of sausages," he said. "Have I no choice?"

"Yes," replied the lady of the house. "You may take them or leave them."

### How Big is a Sixpence?

GET your friends to draw a line which each thinks will be equal in length to the circumference of a sixpence, and you will be surprised to find how far away most of the guesses are from the reality, usually the lines being much too short.

Actually the distance round a sixpence is nearly as much as the width of the first column in page one of CN.

### A Clear Symptom

AT first the doctor did assert That John Carruthers must have hurt

A tissue. He was quite jovial because He knew that nothing serious was

At issue. And then John made his trouble plain; An outburst he could not restrain. Atishoo!

### JUMBLED PLANES

CAN you unravel the names of six well-known aeroplanes from the following phrases? The letters of each phrase spell the name and the type of aeroplane.

TIN GIRLS REACH RUIN  
LAST CRANE AND HEMP  
BUT A FIG NUNS LADDER  
HERE

Answer next week

